

# ETESS SO RUDE ZE WAY ZAY DO TREAT GABRIEL!

Purser, He Have Ze Nerve  
to Ask for Ze Ticket,  
Too.

WHEN COME ZE PRISON.

Was, Oh, What You  
Americans Say? Yes,  
Ze Limit, Eh?

You have to hand it to Gabriel Fanchon for the poll on his fingernails. His manners and his nerve. The officers of La Lorraine, of the French Line have handed it to him already.

Gabriel went aboard the vessel at Havre with \$15 in the coat of La Belle France spooling close to the coat crease running down the right leg of his trousers, and the money was still in his pocket when La Lorraine steamed into New York harbor to-day.

When the French equivalent for "All aboard that's going ashore" was sung aboard La Lorraine, Gabriel did not respond. By that time he had glanced over the second class passenger list and had picked out for his own a large, unoccupied stateroom. Gabriel was one of the first at table for the first meal of the voyage and he kept up the record for several days. He was a cheerful soul and, in his search for congenial spirits, acquired considerable popularity in the second cabin.

Gabriel had a way with the ladies, too. There was the second maid of Madame, who had an expensive suite in the first cabin and she fell under the spell of the immaculate Gabriel. She ceased then to bemoan the fate which had put her among the four-grooms, for indeed there was a man of noble birth, undoubtedly, traveling incognito. She accused Gabriel of this and he blushed. But he did not deny. The rumor spread through the cabin that he was a man of standing and the stewards went out of their way to favor him, thinking of surprising, unexpected largess at the end of the voyage which should not be surprising nor unexpected at all.

For the first few days of the trip the purser was visibly worried. Time and again he wandered about the ship, counting noses. One by one he called the second class passengers into a private conference and quizzed them. The last to be cross-examined was Gabriel.

Every one else was able to point out their particular names on the purser's list and show in other ways that their passage had been honorably contracted for.

ZE RUDE PURSER, HE ESS TOO EXACTING.

"You are rude, sir," snapped Gabriel, when the purser insisted that he might have neglected to purchase his passage. "You are ridiculous, too, and I must refuse to discuss this affair with you."

Without a word the purser proceeded to live up to the character given to him by Gabriel. He moved that young gentlemen from his comfortable stateroom to the lazaret, which is the ship's prison. And then—but not in the least horrible; it is monstrous, the act of a fiend—this rude, ridiculous purser dug up from the hold another who had stowed away without the equipment of a stowaway de luxe. This person was Lucien Guillemet, a Swiss, one who had worked with his hands. He was dirty from his days of intimate contact with the cargo in the bowels of the ship, and at all debonaire. And into the lazaret, which is not as large as the prison ashore—not by any means—they put Lucien Guillemet!

Gabriel sent an indignant message to the captain, saying that he was unused to occupying the same sleeping quarters with another, particularly one such as this. But the pig of a purser intercepted the note and he came before the grating of the lazaret door and sneered and chuckled and said the things which caused the fits of the young Guillemet to clench tightly and his eyes to glower upon Gabriel.

They turned both Gabriel and the Swiss, who confessed he wanted so badly to work with his hands in the new world that he had stolen a perfectly good passage from La Compagnie Transatlantique over to the Ellis Island authorities this morning. The Swiss said nothing, merely muttering over and over that he wanted work. Gabriel, however, protested. He was much put out over the affair, and although he still declined to adjust matters with the man of business, he spoke of appealing to the French consul.

And the mockery of it is that they will probably let this horn-handed, plodding Swiss have his way, while the most desirable Gabriel must return whence he came.

## WIFE OF STEEL MAGNATE DIES AFTER OPERATION

Mrs. E. C. Converse Had Been Ill Since Last January

(Special to The Evening World.) GREENWICH, Conn., Sept. 8.—Mrs. E. C. Converse, wife of the multimillionaire steel magnate, banker, self-enriched and owner of beautiful Converse Manor here, died today. Mrs. Converse was operated on for appendicitis last January and had been in poor health since. She had seldom been seen of late out of her sick room. Prior to her illness, Mrs. Converse took a very keen interest in the development of the estate and the profits which is part of it. Varying estimates of the amount spent on the estate are placed at from one to five million dollars.

Mrs. Converse, who was Miss Jessie M. Green before her marriage, leaves, besides her husband, a son, E. C. Converse Jr., of Los Angeles, and two daughters, the Baroness von Rosenberg of Berlin and Mrs. Benjamin Sturges.

# WHAT IS THE WIFE'S SHARE? "I Can Briefly Tell You What Mine Is— It's What's Left," Says "A Dejected Wife"

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"Why Don't Wives Think of Doing Their Share Rather Than Getting It?" Writes a Girl—"What Should a Wife's Share Be in Keeping Up What Is Usually Termed the Illusion of Love?" Asks a Husband.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

"I do not think you are right in declaring that the greater number of marital differences arise over money," writes a disillusioned young woman who signs her communication "Dejected Wife." Money plays only a small part in the state of warfare which we call matrimony. You may settle what the wife's share of the family income should be, but how about her share of other things?—power for instance. How about her right to discuss with and decide equally with her husband the questions of daily life which have nothing to do with money? You know very well that men and women quarrel constantly over their children, beginning with the first row over the first baby's name. Then there's the matter of schools, of religious instruction, of which college the boy should attend when he grows up. If we are going to discuss the wife's share intelligently, it will have to be her share of everything—power, government in the home and all relating to it—not money merely. But I can tell you what my share is—it's what's left."

Now, the point of this somewhat cynical young woman seems to be well taken. A discussion of the wife's share to be of any value should include all questions where there is possibility of a division of authority. And no one outside the state of matrimony can have any notion of how many and how perplexing these questions are.

Let's begin, however, by trying to be fair. There are many, many things in which it is the husband, not the wife, who gets "what's left." For instance, there is a masculine antecost inside of civilization who does not have to content himself with the worst piece of steak, the tail of the fish, the big leaves of the salad? No, he carries his own destiny to be sure, but it's a tough one, nevertheless. As a rule, a husband has the initiative in the larger and less frequent decisions of married life. He may move the family from New York to Chicago if his business takes him Westward, but it is his wife who decides to migrate from the fourth to the seventh floor.

## IMPORTANCE OF THE DOMESTIC REFERENDUM.

Perhaps the most important element in married happiness is the domestic referendum—the willingness of one member of the matrimonial firm to submit decisions affecting them both to the other for ratification. The recall is also a valuable weapon in the hands of those who know how to use it. The recall of judges may be an unwise measure, but who doubts the wisdom of the recall of mothers-in-law? Seriously, the greatest barrier to mutual happiness and understanding in marriage is a third and necessarily alien and discordant presence. There are, of course, happy homes where the mother-in-law is a member of the family circle, but it is well known the married couple who do not set up housekeeping alone have given hostages to unhappiness.

Here are two interesting letters, one from a girl with ideas of her own on the wife's share, the other from a husband who complains that his wife won't do her share toward keeping his love alive. The girl writes:

THIS GIRL WANTS A WIFE TO DO HER SHARE.  
Dear Madam: Why don't wives think of doing their share rather than getting it? The majority of girls whom I met have an idea that marriage is in their eyes simply a form of being supported for nothing, that any effort on their part to make money afterward would be foolish. I claim that if a woman has any gifts or is talented in any way she should use that talent to make money whether she is married or not, or in other words take some share of the financial side of the game. If she has no children she might just as well keep on working,

## Taft WRENCHES FOOT, BUT STARTS ON TRIP FOR WASHINGTON

Injury, Not Painful, Stops  
Golf Playing, Although Not  
Speaking Tour.

BEVERLY, Mass., Sept. 8.—President Taft did not play golf to-day. He stayed at Parnamatta resting. His right foot, injured slightly several years ago, was wrenched late yesterday and the President decided to stop playing golf for a few days. The foot causes him no pain but some inconvenience.

Despite the injuries to his foot the President leaves Beverly late to-day for Washington, where he will make the opening address to the International Congress of Applied Chemistry. On his way South the President will stop in Boston long enough to address a national convention of post-office clerks in Faneuil Hall, and will dine with Representative John W. Weeks of Massachusetts. He will stay in Washington over night Wednesday, and leave Thursday in time to board the Presidential yacht Mayflower in the North River about 3 o'clock that afternoon.

Charles D. Hilles, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and George R. Sheldon, the treasurer, will join the President on the Mayflower. Mrs. Taft also is expected to meet the President at New York. The Mayflower will carry the Presidential party to New London, Conn., where, on Friday, Mr. Taft will address the Atlantic Deep Waterways Association. He expects to return to Beverly on the Mayflower, arriving here early Saturday. His conference with Mr. Hilles and Mr. Sheldon will be the first of political importance the President has held in many weeks.

go back to the old country to find a wife there and I found her immediately in Vienna. A hard working girl, with common sense, healthy in body and mind. She can make her own hats, her own dress, knows all about housework and cooking, is an expert photographer and last but not least a great beauty. I told her (what every man should tell his future wife) that we may have to put up with hardship, and she answered she would rather have it that way to prove her love to me.

What I could not find in New York for fifteen years I found in the old country immediately. You in America make too much fuss about your women anyhow. No wonder they consider men rather their servants or financial agents than anything else. Three generations ago there were very few women in this country; hence the exaggerated veneration for them.

J. F. Q.

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## JUMPS IN FRONT OF TRAIN IN SUBWAY, BUT ESCAPES.

Women in Panic on Platform as  
Two Cars Pass Over Man,  
Doing Little Injury.

A man believed to be Harry Sheinbaum attempted suicide to-day by jumping in front of a Lenox avenue subway train at the One Hundred and Tenth street station. By some freak of chance the wheels of the train did not touch him, but he was pulled out after two cars had passed over him, unconscious from a blow on the head, doubtless inflicted by the airbrake apparatus.

The man was seen pacing up and down the platform excitedly, before the train under control of Motorman Carl Freeland, pulled into the station. When the first car was not more than ten feet away, he jumped squarely upon the tracks. The motorman stopped his train with the emergency brake, and while waiting the wheels of the train did not touch him, but he was pulled out after two cars had passed over him, unconscious from a blow on the head, doubtless inflicted by the airbrake apparatus.

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"DOC" VERSUS VIDOCQ.

Crashing From Stove to Sink,  
From Sink to Floor, He  
Landed His Man.

Sherlock Holmes in his most strenuous days never experienced a more exasperating hand-to-hand, shoulder-to-shoulder and foot-to-foot, rapping, scrapping, rocking, swaying struggle than did Detective Delahy of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street police station this morning when he arrested Dr. Harold Harland, dentist, dextrous and defiant, on allegations of practicing his profession without a license.

When a warrant was handed to the detective, sworn to by the State officials, the officer thought he had a pipe. He sized up the doctor as a "come-along." All he had to do was to put a hand on him, nod his head and say: "You're wanted," and wait for the prisoner to drop his tools, put on his coat and accompany him to the station as becoming in a gentleman of the molar-moving profession. Not so! The detective reckoned without his dentist.

When Delahy walked in upon the dentist at his office, No. 17 East One Hundred and Fifth street, the doctor was packing his instruments. He had already packed his household effects.

"Oh, doctor," said the detective politely, "moving?"

"Sure," said the doctor.

"Well, we'll be moving together," returned the officer, displaying his warrant and his badge.

"The hell we will!" shouted the desperate dentist. "Never, by a dog gone sight!"

THE DOCTOR JUST SEEMED TO FADE AWAY.

The warrant was enough. Dr. Harold Harland never stopped to see whether the badge was phoney. He stepped—he jumped into his bedroom adjoining and slammed the door. He went through two or three doors and into the kitchen. The dazed detective followed from his surprise and bolted after the scapular manipulator of incisors and grinders.

He grabbed him as he was reaching out through the window for the fire escape.

Dr. Harold Harland got a half Nelson on Detective Delahy and they fell over together on top of the stove. The stove didn't survive the shock and the detectives with a deft wrench put the doctor in the sink. The doctor threw the detective back against a shelf and it rained pots and pans. Both got fresh holds and went to the dildodo. The doctor wriggled from under and tried to get a toe-hold on the detective, but the detective used his toe, all his toes, to better advantage and kicked the dentist in his kidneys. They broke and no going sounded.

Out into the landing skipped the "Doc." Only one flight of stairs was between him and the street. The "Doc" made a jump for the stairs and the Vidocq made a jump for him, landing fairly and shipshape. The doctor couldn't stop himself, and neither could the detective. They rolled over and over each other down the stairs, bumping from bannister to base-board and

back again. Delahy felt something give way in the direction of his floating ribs.

THE DETECTIVE LANDED AMONG THE MOLARS.

It made him mad, and when the two men confronted each other on their knees Delahy just couldn't help it. He reached back and shot his right fist forward and it landed among Harold's molars. That made the dentist good. Anyhow he had to be good, for the detective whipped out his gun and said that he would let him have it if there was any more nonsense.

As the men landed at the foot of the stairs little eight-year-old David Cohan came in through the frosted door with some groceries for his mother. One of the men kicked him in the face, cutting his lip and loosening several teeth besides bruising his forehead and nose. A doctor had to take care of him.

Magistrate Corrigan was about to hold the dentist on a nominal bail when Delahy said that he had found in the doctor's pocket a ticket for Europe on the Campana which sails in the morning. Delahy said the dentist had raked in a good deal of coin in town and that it wouldn't be safe to allow him out on a shoestring. The bail was then fixed at \$1,000. After that Delahy, who had been in great pain during the hearing, complained of his ribs. He was sent to an hospital and there it was said his left lower floating rib was fractured.

Humiliating.

(From the Boston Transcript.)  
Ethel—Cholly says he is beginning to find his place in the world.  
Edith—Poor Cholly! How humiliated he must feel over it.



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